THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

PACIFIC
Theological Seminary

MY TASK.

To trust forever in God's tender care,
To cling to hope always and everywhere,
To live the life of love—to get and share,
And do the kindly deed;
This is my task.

To build a character both pure and strong,
To bravely stand for right, resist the wrong,
To climb the mountain path and sing faith's song,
And go where He may lead;
This is my task.

To give myself with all my powers to God,
To live the life that's lofty, deep, and broad,
To walk with courage steadfast, heaven's road,
And listen for his voice;
This is my task.

To seek God's perfect will to do and know,
To wiser, kinder, better, nobler grow,
To error drive away, truth's beauty show,
And ever to rejoice;
This is my task.

—James Ramage.

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

EXCESSIVE CRITICISM OF A PUBLIC OFFICIAL.

Newspaper publications early this week evidently have led some persons to believe that new light has been shed on the McNab-McReynolds controversy. No doubt some of the readers of The Pacific so believe. An envelope addressed to the editor in a feminine hand and received yesterday contained a clipping from the San Francisco Examiner in which is the charge that the report of the attorney-general to the President was so framed as to withhold the facts and was an attempt to mislead the public.

In this the daily papers are simply backing up so as to batter once more with the same old battering ram, and with the hope that by iteration and reiteration they can further weaken the defense. That does count on some minds and the editors of the daily papers know it.

It is necessary only to read the letter of the attorney-general to the President and Mr. McNab's statements and the telegram to the President by Clayton Herrington, which were sent by the Associated Press all over the country, to be convinced that the President and the reading public had the facts long ago. The present writer has all these open before his eyes as he writes, having gone over them again and again.

Very closely following Mr. McNab's resignation and charge of wrong-doing, Attorney-General McReynolds sent a letter to the President in which he stated that the district attorney had sent him in the latter part of May a detailed version of the case with his inferences therefrom, saying that the case was "aggravated and should be vigorously prosecuted; also that there might be attempts to interfere with the due course of justice by improper influences." Of course the attorney-general could not give this in his letter to the President, for he stated that it covered a dozen type-written pages. But he called attention to it thus, and said that it was received by him on he 27th of May. This is the document which the Examiner says was mailed here on the 21st and which it says reached Washington on the 26th, and with reference to which it accuses the attorney-general with attempt to deceive the public.

Immediately following that came more detailed statements by Mr. McNab and others in San Francisco which were telegraphed all over the country. Therefore, neither the Examiner nor the Call, nor any other paper, nor any one else so far as we know, has any new evidence; nor any further reason for condemning the attorney-general than they had two weeks ago. They are simply determined to whoop things up to the limit. The writer hereof spent eight years in the thick of politics, and in secular newspaper work, and knows what are called "the rules of the game," and just how even the best of men often seek to justify themselves in tactics of this kind.

Here we have The Public Ledger, a Philadelphia paper, saying: "I approve of your course very heartily and without hesitation, says the President to Mr. McReynolds, wherefore I have decided to reverse it." The San Francisco Argonaut dips in and remarks: "He praises the attorney-general for his two atrocious mistakes, declares that he acted wisely. Then he reverses him absolutely and attempts to square the Administration by ordering extra help for the prosecution."

Whether this was said ignorantly or with knowledge we have no means of judging. But what are the facts? **The attorney-general reversed himself.** It was a manly act. He should be honored for it, not criticised and sneered at and everlastingly hounded.

In the letter to the President from which we have quoted Mr. McReynolds suggested an immediate conference to the end that a special prosecutor be named "and that he be put in charge with instructions **promptly** and vigorously to prosecute to a conclusion."

Why did the attorney-general reverse himself? After stating his reasons for ordering a postponement for a short time, he said to the President:

"It did not occur to me that any malign motive would be attributed to me. If I had anticipated that any fair-minded man, knowing the facts, would place such a construction upon this ordinary act, I would have been scrupulously certain to avoid it.

"It is essential, not only that the administration of justice shall be free from partiality or improper influences, but that even the appearance of such things should be avoided. I do not even hope to escape mistakes, but I am profoundly conscious that my actions are free from unworthy motives."

The President, who should know the man better than the newspapers and the public know him, takes him at his word, approves his course and suggestions, and says, "I hope you will do this without delay."

A large number of newspapers stamp the man as a liar and an attempted deceiver; others cry out that any rate he isn't fit to be in the cabinet: and the fight grows into what seems beastliness to The Pacific.

Last week we quoted such fair-minded papers as the Springfield Republican and the New York Post as taking a more commendable view of the affair. We are glad this week to quote The Outlook: "The President evidently believed that Attorney-General McReynolds' order postponing the case was an instance of humane judgment rather than of any wrong intent." And The Congregationalist has said: "No one supposes that Secretary Wilson or Attorney-General McReynolds had any definite purpose to shield the guilty men."

It is only in the interest of fair statement and correct reasoning that The Pacific has entered into the controversy. We have no acquaintance with the attorney-general. For aught we know he may not be a fit man for the cabinet. But this incident doesn't show it. We wish of course that he hadn't made that flippant remark about not shedding any tears over the going out of a Republican official. It was a grave mistake. And yet will any one presume to assert that Mr. McNab would have resigned in

that spectacular way if he had been a Democrat? After all, every one is bound to admit that there is a little danger in having in office men of different political faith from the party in power. Such have been known to explode on slight provocation and even on what turned out to be no real provocation.

The Pacific is not an Administration paper and is not intending to be one. But the editor has pleasure in stating that in his judgment President Wilson comes out of this affair in good shape.

We ask our readers to lay President Wilson's action in this case alongside the principles and teachings of Jesus; also these tongue and pen lashings of the President and Cabinet officials by so many people here in California, and in the quiet of calm consideration try to come to a conclusion as to the persons who most closely approximate what we find on the pages of the New Testament.

THE PULPIT AND CONTROVERTED PUBLIC OCCURRENCES.

Certain declarations, printed and oral, have brought to The Pacific the query the past week whether a preacher of the gospel is taking the right course when he comments in the pulpit as Dr. Aked did recently on the matter of the postponement of the now noted cases in the United States district court. Of course Dr. Aked would take the position that it is a perfectly proper act. In our judgment there is here a debatable question and in the interest of preachers and the great cause of Christ which they espouse, a few things are jotted down: They who have read the daily newspaper reports are aware that Dr. Aked went so far in allying himself with Mr. McNab as to declare that President Wilson's course was infinitely sad and disappointing to him, and that he had expected him to show himself a braver and a better man. The San Francisco News Letter takes him to task for this pitch in, as follows:

"To listen to the reverend gentleman and to listen to the hand-clapping on that occasion made one almost believe that he had made a mistake in thinking he had entered the House of God. We would advise Dr. Aked to remember that the church is intended for the praise of God, for that teaching which will elevate above the sordid. And the sordidness of an unjust and sensational attack upon the President of the United States by a young and inexperienced citizen is despicable to say the least."

It is not necessary for The Pacific to defend Dr. Aked as to the charge of despicableness. He is too well and widely known for our readers to think that he would do a despicable thing. But this item in the News Letter is an example of what a preacher may expect on a large scale if he considers such matters in such a manner in the pulpit and it should happen that several newspapers are against him. We have known well-meaning men to have been driven from the pulpit because of such procedure.

The Pacific is not prepared just now to discuss this question, nor to express a decided opinion, but we state these things for consideration.

Of this we are confident: An editor of even a church paper is justified, if he does it in well-chosen words, gentlemanly, in commenting on matters which ought not to be commented on in the pulpit. This is expected of the paper nowadays. It is not generally expected of the pulpit. Some may argue that it ought to be expected in the pulpit. But that is a mooted question.

Every newspaper is always open to reply. In the pulpit there is no answering back. But the problem grows and we must stop this writing.

A THRILLING ACCOUNT OF A MEMORABLE CHARGE ON THE BATTLEFIELDS OF OUR CIVIL WAR.

The thrilling description of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, in The Pacific this week, is a part of a lecture by Mrs. Pickett given in different cities and which had never been printed until it appeared in the New York Sun for June the 29th. The people of the North, as well as of the South, will, no doubt, be thrilled by it. They were brave men who made that charge. And we know of nothing like it in military annals. That for which they contended was foreordained to be a lost cause. All realize it today, and rejoice in it. And we need not to withhold the meed of praise, nor to refrain from recognition of the beautiful and the brave on the part of men who though fifty years ago our foes are now our friends. A son of the General Pickett who gallantly led that charge against the men of the Stars and Stripes at Gettysburg gave his life for those same colors in the Philippines. Today North and South are one in aspiration.

A NOTEWORTHY LETTER.

When the Hebrew Church of which Rabbi Meyer is in charge extended an invitation to the First Congregational Church of San Francisco to worship in its temple while the proposed new building was under construction there accompanied it the following letter to Dr. Aked, signed by the temple president and the rabbi:

"Congregation Emanu-El, through its board of trustees and Rabbi, wishes to extend to you and the members of your Church, a cordial invitation to use its Temple for your services during the time of the building of your new church.

"We consider it a privilege to have your congregation worship in our Synagog, and ever after the thought that you have been our joint occupants will add a new consecration to the shrine which is so dear to our hearts.

"Trusting that God may bless you in your life endeavors, we are fraternally yours"

The invitation was accepted by the Congregational Church in resolution as follows:

"The members of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco acknowledge with profound gratitude the invitation of the Rabbi and Trustees of the Temple Emanu-El to hold their services in the Temple during the time that the new church is being built. They are very glad to avail themselves of this kind offer. They rejoice in the generous and large-hearted hospitality of their Hebrew friends and extend to them earnest thanks for the gracious words in which the invitation has been conveyed. They reciprocate the good wishes of the congregation of Temple Emanu-El and pray that the blessing of the one true and living God may rest upon their work for the city and for the world."

On a recent calendar of our First Church we find this note:

"The generosity of the Rabbi and Trustees calls forth our warmest gratitude. The language in which the invitation is extended to us adds enormously to its value. When Hebrews tell Christians that a fresh consecration will be added to the shrine dear to Jewish hearts by the worship of Christian people, a superb magnanimity is displayed creditable to our western world and creditable, indeed, to our human nature."

IT LOOKS LIKE PERFIDY!

Many people in Illinois are indignant at Mr. William McKinley, the speaker of the House, who defeated a bill to give the voters of any city district the right to prescribe that district as residential and thus excluding saloons therefrom. In the last hours of the session of the legislature the speaker remained deaf to repeated calls for a vote and thus strangled the measure. He is charged with faithlessness, a written statement having been made by him previous to his election:

"I am in favor of the Anti-Saloon League residence district and county option bills and will vote for the same on all test votes on second and third readings; and I promise that I will not use my influence as speaker or personally in any way to hinder the passage of the measures advocated by the Anti-Saloon League."

The House Journal shows that he did not so vote; and then at the last he defeated the bill.

It looks like perfidy, for we get these seeming facts from a reliable source. If it be a fact that Mr. McKinley has acted in this perfidious way, we do not see how even those in whose interests he acted can ever again support him for any position of trust, either public or private.

McKinley! It is an honored name in this country! Hawthorne was also long an honored name. Now, a son of the man who made that name great occupies a felon's cell! **O tempora! O mores!** O the times! O the customs! But, out of the slime springs the lily. So, out of the awful corruption of our present-day life we expect something better and purer. Too many men nowadays are sinking into the depths to justify the thought that there will not ere long be evolved some preventive.

SEPARATE BALLOT BOXES FOR WOMEN.

The women of Illinois have been given the elective franchise and are to have ballot boxes separate from the men. Good! We shall be able now to see how women vote on all those moral questions which, having much to do with business, have not had strong support oftentimes from men. We shall see now just where the women of Illinois stand with reference to the saloon, for instance.

THE OBNOXIOUS RIDER.

As usual when a president of the United States takes a course contrary to the judgment of some of the people hot words are being spoken and written concerning him. President Wilson is getting scored now because he did not veto the Sundry civil appropriation bill which had an obnoxious rider—obnoxious to the President as well as to many others. The Pacific is always gratified when it finds a newspaper discussing public matters in a fair and unbiased and gentlemanly manner. This the Springfield Republican does with the Sundry civil appropriation bill rider. For the enlightening of our readers and as a fine example of what newspaper consideration of political and public questions and action should be, we quote it in full:

"President Wilson, in signing the Sundry civil appropriation bill, has given unqualified assurance to the country that the rider exempting labor unions and farmers' organizations from prosecution under the antitrust law—so far as the expenditure of a certain fund of $300,000 is concerned—will not influence his administration in enforcing the statute. His memorandum may be said to answer the point made by Senator Root in the Senate debate, last May, that the real meaning of the rider is that the Congress of the United States gives notice to the executive that a laboring man who commits the crime described in the Sherman act or the producer of agricultural products who commits the crime described in the Sherman act shall not be prosecuted. The president now says that he regards the rider in no such light. Congress merely expressed an "opinion" with which he does not agree and which in no event, could deter him from being true to his oath of office in enforcing the laws of the United States. Other appropriations supply the department with abundant funds to enforce the law in question.

"The president has done what he could, in signing the appropriation bill, to nullify the effect of the rider complained of. While admitting the difficulties of his position, however, we believe that he should have vetoed the whole bill, and thus have forced Congress to pass it over his veto, if that body is insistent upon the proviso in dispute. In the future Congress may tie up all the appropriations of the department of justice, in precisely the same way and, if the president should sign all the appropriation bills containing such limitations, he would at last find himself utterly without funds for the enforcement of the antitrust law against the classes referred to. May we not expect Congress to act in some such way? It has now gained its point relative to one fund; there is no reason why it should not gain the same point with reference to all funds essential to the enforcement of the law."

As a roundabout method of modifying the antitrust law, the rider was certainly indefensible. Nothing, from a legislative point of view could be more viciously preposterous than to enact a law sweeping in terms, and then to set up in the form of special privilege exemptions for certain classes of citizens by means of restraints upon the prosecuting officers of the government. This objection to the rider appears on the face of it. It is here quoted verbatim:

'That no part of this money shall be spent in the prosecution of any organization or individual for entering into any combination or agreement having in view the increasing of wages, shortening of hours or bettering the conditions of labor, or for any act done in furtherance thereof, not in itself unlawful.

'That no part of this appropriation shall be expended for the prosecution of producers of farm products and associations of farmers who co-operate and organize in an effort to and for the purpose to obtain and maintain a fair and reasonable price for their products.'

"If the object sought is a worthy one, it should be attained by direct amendment of the antitrust law itself.

"There has undoubtedly been much hypocritical rant indulged in concerning the president's action on the bill, particularly by the professional enemies of labor unionism. With them The Republican declines to be associated, inasmuch as it regards the question of directly amending the law so as to embody the idea expressed in the proviso as a fairly debatable one. It is a historical fact that the framers of the antitrust law did not favor an interpretation of it that would prevent wage-earners from combining to better their condition: yet there have been tendencies toward precisely such an application of it. Senator Cummins stated in the May debate: It is obvious that a great majority of the Senate believe that the antitrust law should be modified with regard to its application to labor unions and farmers' organizations. He appealed to the Senate for the revision of the law itself along those lines.

Reasonable criticism resolves itself into a protest against the congressional method; and criticism of the president's course resolves itself into strong regret that, sympathizing as he did with that protest, he did not make his own action fully effective."

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

Seattle now has a negro church with about 75 members. A lot will be bought ere long and a building erected.

The San Francisco Bible College reports that more than one hundred students pursued the courses the first year.

The Continent expresses the belief that Dr. John Bascom Shaw who is to go to Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles, "will give to the Pacific Coast a religious leadership that will have nation-wide influence."

Final services in the edifice now used by the First Congregational Church of San Francisco will be held soon after Dr. Aked returns from his vacation which will be so as to be in his pulpit on the 10th of August.

The Rev. B. D. Naylor of Hayward spoke at the Monday meeting of the Congregational ministers in high praise of the last California legislature, setting forth in brief the good features of a large number of bills that became laws. In the course of his talk Mr. Naylor scored vigorously such newspapers as the San Francisco Chronicle which had so indiscriminately characterized the legislative measures as "freak legislation." Why The Chronicle pursued the foolish course it did will always be a mystery. We think of "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad!"

The Congregational churches of Spokane invited the Rev. Dr. Raymond C. Brooks to spend next Sunday with them and have arranged for a union service in Westminster church. Dr. and Mrs. Brooks leave Walla Walla on Friday for Spokane. They go thence to Seattle for a few days, where Mrs. Brooks is to sing at the convention of the N. W. Music Teachers' Association. They will spend Sunday, July 20th, in Eugene, Oregon, where Dr. Brooks was pastor before coming to Oakland, and will reach the San Francisco bay region about the 26th. Whitman College conferred on Mr. Brooks the degree of D.D., which degree he had also a few years ago from Tabor College, Iowa.

"Nearly 94 years old, and still preaching!" That is what an Eastern paper says of the Rev. Dr. Tully of Media, Pennsylvania. Dr. Tully, who is the oldest living graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary, preaches regularly every Sunday evening and attends a ministers' meeting on Monday. In the Rev. Joseph Rowell who is also in his 94th year, San Francisco has something parallel. He writes an interesting article for The Pacific every week and attends regularly the Monday meeting of the ministers. Father Rowell is not preaching these days, but he is a faithful attendant at both morning and evening preaching services every Sunday.

The pastoral committee of the First Congregational Church of Oakland has sent out a letter asking the members to express themselves on the question of calling the Rev. Albert W. Palmer to the pastorate. Mr. Palmer has been called by the Mount Pleasant Congregational Church of Washington, D. C., and will accept unless a call from our First Church of Oakland should appeal to him more strongly. Plymouth Church people realize this, and it is with a thorough understanding with them that this letter has been issued. Should Mr. Palmer be called to the pastorate of the First Church and accept, the question of the consolidation of the two churches will be considered later. There is a great desire on the part of people not connected with Congregationalism to keep Mr. Palmer in Oakland. Since his departure on his trip abroad a telegram was sent him at the instance of Mayor Mott and other public officials and business men urging him to remain in Oakland. The outcome of this ballot will be awaited with great and wide-spread interest. Leading members of the First Church inform us that there was a strong desire to call Mr. Palmer at the time when Mr. Brown resigned; that it was only in the interests of Plymouth that action was not taken to that end. That reason is no longer operative.

THE RECORD OF A DAY.

W. N. Burr.

Just a page torn from the book of life as the records are made up in these stirring, ambitious, headlong days.

Yesterday I was called to the city to officiate at the funeral of a dear friend. Soon after our car had entered the down-town zone where the streets are crowded with the activities of city traffic and the crossings are still dangerous death-traps though guarded, a laborer was struck by a car about to pass the one in which we were riding, and with a terrible cry the poor fellow went down to his death. Men and women with drawn, tense, awe-shaded faces looked at the prostrate, bleeding form, then the ambulance came and the crowd surged on as before—the jostling, striving crowd of a down-town city street.

Later, in the chapel at the crematory, I stood beside the man in charge while a florist arranged beautiful drapings of carnations and soft, light, delicate greenery over the coffin of my friend.

"You are not surprised, are you, that men become unbalanced in mind in these strenuous days?" remarked the man at my side.

I understood the covert reference. Had it not been for "a mind diseased," a long-time struggle brought on by business cares and distractions, my friend, whose physical strength had not failed, might have lived on for many years.

The man beside me was inclined to take me into his confidence, though we were entire strangers.

"This touches my own family interests closely," he continued. "Two weeks ago we lost a near relative, a choice man, who took his own life in a moment of extreme depression after a fierce struggle with insomnia, brought on by business anxieties. He was one of the noblest men that ever walked the earth, but—he was not himself at the last. Do you know what I think? I think we'll have to slow down in some way, make up our minds to get along without some things that the pace of the present day seems to demand, and pay more attention to making men and women of ourselves. My folks were Quakers, the good, old-fashioned, serene kind that lived simply, took life as it came to them, and never allowed anything to worry them. My good old Quaker father had a grist-mill, a light frame building of the old-fashioned kind. One night he and mother were roused out of a sound sleep by the cry of fire! It was father's mill that was burning, and when it was discovered there was not much to be seen but fire, and soon the whole thing lay in ashes. There was not a cent of insurance on it, and it was about all that father had in this world. He stood and watched the flames eat up almost his

little all, and when there was nothing left but a pile of smouldering ashes he turned to mother and said, 'Well, Mary, there's nothing more we can do here tonight; I guess we'd better go back to bed;' and back to bed he went, and slept till morning. His credit was good, and he got started again in a small way as soon as he could, never worried about anything, and lived to a good old age. Seems to me that's better than so much insomnia and suicide, though there may be less money in it."

Those last words were ringing in my ears as I came back on a car through the surge and rush of the throng on the down-town streets. We passed the place where the bewildered laborer had been caught in the swirl of clamorous traffic and had the life crushed out of him. Then on and out to the wider spaces of ranch land and orchard quietness.

In the evening came the midweek prayer-meeting, and it was no sleepy affair, no "gathering of a handful of the faithful come to fill an hour with stilted repetitions." It was a goodly company of men and women and choice young people, who came to "Pilgrim House" that night; and as the incense of the prayer-spirit filled the room, and the consecrated minds of thoughtful people were opened, faith gained a firmer grip on the heart, and new strength came under a sense of Divine encouragements. God was summoned and He drew near, and His benefactions fell upon the hearts of His children, renewing their strength.

"—— behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow keeping watch above his own,"

quoted one; and those men and women faced life's serious problems with a new impulse to let God have His way with them.

And is not His way, to some considerable degree, the way of simpler living? Is there not something well worth considering in these words written by A. C. Benson:

"I seem to discern in the teachings of Christ a desire to make men see the true values of life, to appreciate what is beautiful and tender in simple lives and homely relationships. The teaching of Christ seems to me to be uniquely and essentially poetical, and to point to the fact that the uplifting of the human heart in admiration, hope, and love, is the cure for some, at least, of our manifold ills. That is my own theory of life, and I do not see that it is effeminate, or even unpractical; it is a mere caricature of it to call it Epicurean. What does complicate life is the feeble acceptance of conventional views, the doing of things, not because one hopes for happiness out of them, not even because one likes them, but because one sees other people doing them."

Pomona, California.

A SERVANT OF THE CHURCHES.

The Executive Committee of The Congregational Home Missionary Society assigned to Associate Secretary Swartz at the beginning of his term of service, over two years ago, the function of special study and leadership in the city work of the Society. Mr. Swartz has wrought diligently at this task, in addition to the duties which have fallen to him in connection with general administrative and publicity work. He has added greatly to the effectiveness of the city work for which the national Society is directly responsible, but beyond this has spent considerable time, at the invitation of local churches and city organizations, in the investigation of special problems and suggesting plans of effort. We have assurances that his services along this line have been helpful in a marked degree. The Committee have therefore asked him to respond to such invitations to the utmost measure compatible with his more immediate obligations. It believes that the Home Missionary Society can in this way render a very marked service to the churches of its constituency in these times of rapid city growth, with resultant swift changes in the conditions which are confronted by city churches. It is very plain that only by the most intelligent and energetic adaptation of method can the church measure up to the demand made upon her by our overgrown polyglot cities. If the churches can use Mr. Swartz's study of these problems in such a way as to make their adaptation swift and effectual, the officers of the Home Missionary Society will be greatly gratified.

For the Executive Committee,
ALFRED COIT, Chairman.
HARRIS G. HALE, Clerk.

PICKETT'S CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG.

Vividly Described By General Pickett's Widow.

It was 1 o'clock. The solemn silence which had reigned over the field was suddenly broken by a cannon shot. A minute passed. Again the Washington artillery sent its ominous message thundering through the valley and echoing and reechoing from the mountainsides.

While the smoke from the guns still lingered over the plain as if held down by the weight of its heavy meaning and the echo was yet rolling along the distant defiles and gorges the whole line was ablaze, and the thunder and crash of more than a hundred guns shook the hills from crest to base. From another hundred guns along the front of Cemetery Ridge flashed forth an instant reply and the greatest artillery duel of the western continent had begun.

The two ridges were about fourteen hundred yards apart and were like great blazing volcanoes A mighty roar as of all the thunderbolts of the universe filled the plain. No command could be heard through the shrieking shot and shell.

The ammunition was failing; the artillery combat must be closed. After two hours the firing ceased. For half an hour silence settled over the blackened field, during which time the Confederates were rapidly forming an attacking column just below the brow of Seminary Ridge. Long double lines of infantry came pouring out of the woods and levels, across ravines and little valleys, hurrying on to the positions assigned to them in the column.

Pickett's three brigades were to attack in front where there was a bristling hedge of artillery and infantry, Heth's and Pender's divisions, under Pettigrew and Trimble, were to charge in second and third lines of battle, supporting Pickett's advance. As Heth's division passed on it was to be joined by Wilcox's brigade, then about two hundred yards in front. Anderson was behind the two supporting divisions ready to take Trimble's place when he should leave it.

Pickett rode up to Longstreet for orders. Longstreet seemed deeply depressed and said:

"I do not want to have your men sacrificed, Pickett, so I have sent a note to Alexander, telling him to watch carefully the effect of our fire upon the enemy and that when it begins to tell he must take the responsibility and notify you himself when to make the attack. He has been directed

to charge with you at the head of your line with a battery of nine eleven pound howitzers, fresh horses and full caissons."

As Gen. Longstreet finished this statement a courier rode up and handed Gen. Pickett a note from Gen. Alexander which read:

"If you are coming, come at once or I cannot give you proper support, but the enemy's fire has not slackened at all. At least eighteen guns are still firing from the cemetery itself."

After Pickett read the note he handed it to Longstreet.

"Shall I go forward, Gen. Longstreet?" he asked.

Longstreet looked at Pickett with an expression which seldom comes to any face. In that solemn moment of silence memories of the long friendship may have flooded his soul. Possibly there came to his thought the time away back in history when he had fallen on the stormy slope at Chapultepec and the boy lieutenant, Pickett, had taken his place and borne the battle flag, the Stars and Stripes, in triumph to the flame crowned height. He held out his hand and bowed in assent. Not a word of command did he give.

"Then I shall lead my division forward, sir," said Pickett, and galloped off.

Pickett gave orders to his staff officers and brigade commanders and rode down the line, his men springing to their feet with a shout as he told them what was expected of them.

At a quater past 3 on that fatal afternoon the order "Forward!" rang along the lines. The supreme moment had come. As far as the eye could reach, up and down on each side, the gaze of thousands of men of both armies was riveted on a long line of soldiers moving with all the precision of a grand review. The five thousand Virginians had begun their march to death.

Longstreet joined Alexander and they stood together by the batteries when that magnificent column went by, the officer saluting as they passed.

Pickett led, mounted on his spirited charger, gallant, graceful and courageous as a knight of chivalry. His long, dark auburn tinted hair floated backward in the wind like a soft veil as he rode on down the slope of death.

Then came Trimble, lightly as he might have ridden in the golden glow through the rose scented air of some brilliant festal morning.

Ah, it was no holiday work to which they went as they gracefully saluted in passing their commanding General, who responded in silent sadness.

So they filed by and went down into the heavy sea of smoke which hid them from view. As the smoke lifted they were seen moving in solid ranks with steady step and with the harmonious rhythm of a grand symphony. The sun caught the gleam of their guns and flashed it back in myriads of sparkling rays. Behind them was a wall of light against which their forms were distinctly outlined.

Pickett's Virginians were only 5,000, but they were the genesis of America—high bred, earnest, resolute, cradled in Christian homes, reared within the sound of church bells, and when I tell you that the favorite hymn of the Virginia soldier who led them that day through the tempest of fire was the old world lyric, "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah," the simple lines of which are touched with prophetic fire and its awful imagery, "Death of death and hell's destruction," it will help you to form some conception of him and the indomitable men who pressed onward with him in majestic order like a moving wall of granite over the plain. The battle flag of the South waved over them, its stars shining as if in promise of victory. At the head of each regiment floated the dark blue flag of Virginia like a banner, cut from the sapphire sky.

Garnett was on the right; Armistead centre. Garnett had been ill for many days, travelling in an ambulance, but no persuasion could keep him from the post of danger. Too weak to mount his horse, he had insisted upon being placed in the saddle that he might lead his brigade to the charge.

The battle smoke drifted away over the hills and into the clouds where it arched itself above the field, as if it would even yet spread a protecting mantle around those devoted men The long Federal array, with its double line of supports, was revealed to view. As the advancing column came in sight Meade's guns opened upon it, but it neither paused nor faltered. Round shot, bounding along, tore through its ranks and riochetted around it. Shells exploded, darting flashes before—behind—overhead.

A long line of skirmishers, prostrate on the grass, suddenly arose within fifty yards, firing at them as they came into view, then running on ahead, turning and firing back as fast as they could reload. The column took no heed of them, but moved on at a quick step, not returning their fire.

Past the batteries and half way over the field came the order, "Left oblique!" Coolly and beautifully the movement was made, changing the direction forty-five degrees from the front to the left.

From Cemetery Hill burst the fire of forty cannon against the right flank. Pickett's men fell like grain before the sweep of the scythe. The survivors pressed on with a force which seemed to have grown stronger with the concentration of all the lives that had been freed from the fallen brave.

Presently came the command, "Front forward!" and the column resumed its direction straight down upon the centre of the enemy's position—on, it moved with iron nerve.

One hundred Federal guns now concentrated their whole fury of shot and shell upon the advancing line. Every breath of air seemed to be filled with some death dealing missile. The men and officers were fast being swept away. Kemper went down, mangled and bleeding, never again to lead his valiant Virginians in battle.

Up and down the line of his brigade rode Garnett, calling out in his strong voice:

"Faster, men; faster! Close up and step out, but don't double-quick!"

A long blue line of infantry arose from behind the stone fence and as the column advanced poured into it a heavy rain of musketry. At once a scattering fire was opened all along the line when Garnett galloped up and called: "Cease firing! Save your strength and ammunition!" Under such perfect discipline were these veterans that, without slackening their pace, they reloaded their guns, shouldered arms and went on at a quickstep.

The artillery made an effort to support the assault, but the ammunition was almost exhausted. The light pieces which were to have guarded the infantry had been removed to some other part of the field and none could be found to take their place.

Pettigrew was trying to reach the post of death and hon-

or, but he was far away and valor could not quite annihilate space. His troops had suffered severely in the battle of the day before and their commander, Heth, had been wounded. They were now led by an officer ardent and brave, but to them unknown.

The four brigades of Archer, Pettigrew, Davis and Brockenbrough deployed from left to right on a single line; a line of battle very difficult to maintain. The left lagged a little; the right, following the gallant Trimble, made heroic efforts to join Pickett, whose oblique movement had brought him nearer. Scales and Lane followed Pettigrew.

Dauntlessly Pickett's men pressed forward, as grand a column of heroes as ever made a battlefield glorious. They reached the post and rail fence, upon the other side of which and parallel to it an ordinary dirt road ran straight through the field across which they were advancing. The fence was but a momentary obstruction. It was the work of a few seconds to climb over it and into the road while a hundred blazing cannon poured death into their devoted ranks.

Now and here was given to the world the greatest exhibition of discipline and endurance, of coolness and courage under a withering fire ever recorded in military history—a scene which has made the story of Pickett's charge the glory of American arms There in the road with the deafening explosion of unnumbered shells filling the air, their ranks ploughed through and through and through again and again by the fiery hail pouring into them from the batteries on the heights beyond, amid all this terrific roar and the cries of the wounded and dying, they heard the command of their company officers: "Halt, men! Form line! Fall in! Right dress."

These heroes reformed and aligned their ranks while their while their comrades dropped in death agony around them, shells bursting above their heads, an iron storm beating them to earth. Coolly and calmly they awaited the command, "Forward!" At last it came—"Forward! Quick march!" With perfect precision, with all the grace and accuracy of the parade ground instead of the bloodiest of battlefields, Pickett's division took up its death march. The like was never seen before and the change in military tactics will prevent its ever being seen again.

Friend and foe looked on in wondering awe. A thrill of admiration held the waiting Federals silent and motionless as they watched this grand and unsurpassable display of Virginia's valor..

As they advanced toward Cemetery Hill there was seen in the open field to the right a long, dark line of men half a mile distant and at right angles to their line. They were coming at double quick upon that unprotected right flank, their muskets at right shoulder shift, their banners fluttering in the breeze, their burnished bayonets glistening in the sun The Federals were strengthening their position, hurrying up reserves from right to left and from opposite directions doubling along the Confederate front.

A heavy rain of shell and shrapnel poured down from the height. In the fiery storm the thin ranks became yet thinner. Not an instant's disorder prevailed, but under the withering fire they marched steadily forward.

"Faster, men, faster! We are almost there!" cried Garnett's clarion voice above the roar of battle. Then Garnett went down among the dead with the faith of a little child in his hero heart.

There was a muffled tread of armed men from behind, then a rush of trampling feet, and Armistead's Brigade from the rear closed up behind the front line. Their gallant leader, Armistead, with his cap on the point of his sword, took Garnett's place. The division was now four ranks deep. As often as the iron storm made gaps through it the cheer would come from private, corporal, sergeant, lieutenant and captain alike: "Close up! Close up!" and "Forward!" The lines shortened, but never wavered, never halted. Closer and closer they drew to the foe until there remained only a bleeding remnant.

Now they broke forward into a double quick, while canister and grape whirred and whizzed through the air. On, on, they rushed toward the stone wall where the Federal batteries were pouring forth their fire. A hundred yards away a flanking force came down on a run, halted suddenly and fired into the line a deadly storm of musketry. Under this cross fire they reeled and staggered between falling comrades and the right came pressing down upon the centre, making the line at this point twenty to thirty deep A few, unable to resist the temptation, without orders faced the Federals on the right though the latter were sixty to one. The fighting was terrific. Muskets seemed to cross. Men fired to the right and to the front into each other's faces. They fought hand to hand.

The Federals in front fell behind their guns to let them belch their grape and canister into the oncoming ranks, piling up the dead and wounded almost in touch of them. When within a few feet of the stone wall the artillery men delivered their last fire from the guns, shotted to the muzzle.

The division was now in the shape of an inverted V with the point flattened. On it swept over the ground covered with the dead and the dying.

Armistead sword in hand, sprang over the stone wall, crying:

"Come on, boys, come on! We'll give them the cold steel! Come on! Who will follow me? Who will follow me?"

Cushing mortally wounded, ran his last gun down to the fence, saying, "Come on! We'll give them one more shot, Webb!"

Armistead reached the battery, his hand touched Cushing's gun and Armistead with his gift of "Cold steel, boys!" and Cushing with his "One more shot, Webb," lay side by side and a crimson river washed the base of the copse or trees which marked the high tide of the Confederacy—a river formed of as noble blood as ever flowed in American veins.

From the edge of the woods Lee and Longstreet exultantly saw the blue flag of Virginia waving over the crest encircled by the Federal guns. Victory was in their grasp. Alas, where were the promised supports? Worn and exhausted by the fighting of the day before in which they had suffered trerribly, their leaders dead or wounded, they had crumbled away under the atillery fire.

Back from the flaming crest fell only a remnant of the division that had performed such deeds of valor as made the whole world wonder. The flags which floated a moment before over Cemetery Hill lay on the ground among the prostrate forms of the men who had so bravely borne them to the verge of victory.

Of the 5,000 who had followed where the flash of Pickett's sword lit the way to the glory of a brave defeat 3,576 had

gone to the soldier's triumphant death to live forever in our hearts and on the fame crowned pages of their country's history. Of the four colonels but one was left; of the four general officers one remained.

Looking around him Pickett, who had courted death by his daring, found himself alone. His men lay dead in heaps around him. His gallant comrades had died in an unequal contest. In one short hour the glory and pride of Virginia had fallen and the appealing blasts of the paladin's bugle would echo forever and forever among the passes of the hills.

Walking back from the charge beside Kemper, his wounded brigadier, gently fanning him with his cap, Pickett, the hero of Chapultepec, of Indian warfare, Gaines's Mill and Gettsyburg, gave the true measure of his greatness when he said: "I have done nothing—nothing. My men have done it all, but all the glory in the world could not pay for the widows and orphans this day has made."

The battle flag of the Confederacy had waved for a moment in triumph, to droop forever around its staff. To the South was left the bitter sense of loss, the heartbreak of defeat.

She had left, too, a memory which is enshrined in the proudest niche of her temple of fame, a glorified page of his-history to thrill the heart of the world while time lingers.

It is the page on which is inscribed the grandest charge known in all the long and proud record of martial history; a charge which will live in song and story while the heart of man can throb responsive to immortal deeds; a charge which can never be obliterated from the roll of fame because in the changed conditions of warfare it can never be repeated or equalled; that transcendent charge which awakened echoes fo roll through the halls of time and to incite to actions of supernal glory heroes of coming ages—Pickett's charge at Gettsyburg.

MORE MEDIEVAL HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

The Revival in Clayton.

Before he was ordained to the ministry, J. J. Powell was teaching and preaching in Clayton. Almost his only theme was the lost estate of man by sin, and the result was a general awakening among the handful of people (about 115) that belonged in the town. Mr. Powell seemed unable to carry ythe work to the right conclusion, and at his earnest request and that of some good Christians there, the pastor of the Mariners' Church went to Clayton and held a series of evening meetings there.

It was a harvest ripe and ready for the gathering. The whole town was moved and nearly three-fourths of all the people attended the meetings. The first thing the visitor found to do was to still a rising storm of opposition to Mr. Powell. His preaching provoked anger and opposition and some excellent Christians there thought it would be better to get rid of him as a man of only one idea. But when I asked them if they could not put up with a man whom God was evidently accepting and using, they saw that they were yielding to a device of Satan, and entered heartily into the work. From this time opposition ceased and the work went on happily. The schoolhouse in which the meetings were held was crowded every evening, and some found joy and peace in the Savior.

Among those most interested were a young married couple, named Taynton, who came every night, each with a young child in arms. He was anxious for salvation, but she was fighting against the Spirit. I called on her at her home and said to her, "Do you know that you are keeping your husband out of Christ's kingdom?"

She was startled, but made no reply. "He is waiting for you. If you resist the Spirit and perish you will destroy not one soul but two." That evening she sat near the desk, and he away in a corner, each holding a child. After the sermon I requested that all who would now accept Christ as their Savior would rise to their feet. He was anxiously watching her and when, after quite a delay, she slowly arose, he shot up from his seat like an arrow from a bow. Both were happily converted that evening. One of those little ones in arms that night is today doing good service for Christ as chairman of the State Prohibition Committee of Iowa.

Many facts and cases of interest occurred, only one of which it is worth while to relate. At the close of the special meetings a party of the young converts came to me, saying, "When it shall be time for us to unite with the church, we want you to come up and receive us; but we must be immersed." (At that time the Campbellites were very active in that region, and a great stir had been aroused regarding the proper mode of baptism.) I told them that it would be as they wished, and that I should say no word about modes of baptism. But when the appointed time came, it was midsummer, the two beautiful streams that came down from Mt. Diablo were dry, and the only possible place for immersion in Clayton was a frog pond covered with green slime, in which ducks and geese paddled, and this of very doubtful depth, so that the matter had a different look. It was either a half immersion in that dirty pool, or a journey of ten miles to tide water. They had thought the matter over and concluded that God did not require of them so unreasonable a procedure, and not a word was said to me about immersion. They were received in our usual way, and all seemed satisfied. One young church member who had been immersed came to me and requested to be baptized in my way, but I assured him that his baptismal experience was quite sufficient.

One remarkable thing about the revival in Clayton was that though the number of converts was not very large, it included nearly one-fourth of all the Protestant population of the town, and revolutionized the moral sentiment of the place. Some excellent workers for Christ were "born there." In an after work in Clayton, our dear Brother Watkins, who afterwards gathered laurels for Christ in Mexico, ably assisted me, and in consequence of my labor there, I was invited to labor in Eden Plain and Lockeford, where some precious souls were won to Christ who are good workers for him to this day. "How much wood a little fire kindleth!"

Many years later Brother Watkins sent me a loving message from his death bed.

Life is a race, not for the finding of a treasure but for the making of a character.

HOME MISSION WEEK.

A Statement by the Home Missions Council and the Council of Women for Home Missions.

Nothing in recent years has done so much to encourage those engaged in home mission work as the general and hearty observance of Home Mission Week, last November. To the fellowship of home mission boards, with the 25,000 workers under their commission, it brought new hope and power. It is equally gratifying to know that, to thousands of churches, the Week brought new vision and spiritual power. The Councils above named, in view of these facts, have decided to ask the churches to join in a similar observance the coming autumn, culminating in the week of November 16-23. They are impelled to do this by a deepening sense of the

Gravity of Their Task.

The obligations which face us cannot be met save by a strong and concerted movement:

To give religious care to the one and a half millions annually added to our population.

To match and master the swift growth of cities.

To meet adequately the disastrous transformation of economic and social conditions going on in rural communities.

To provide the immigrant a Christian environment and give him the Christian gospel.

To win the victory for righteousness in the newer states of the Union, in five of which Protestant church-members are but six per cent. of the population.

To carry the burden of the moral and religious welfare of of the millions in our land belonging to belated races.

To reach out a helping hand to our island possessions and to far-away Alaska.

These are things which cannot be done by the traditional form and measure of home mission effort. The united strength of the whole Church must be put under the burden. To this end we ask the Church unitedly to face its demand.

"New Americans For a New America"

Last year a general view of the whole field was attempted. This year, it is suggested that emphasis be centered on the immigrant. It is needless to point out the many-sidedness of the theme, and the obligations involved. Scarcely a community is without its foreign-speaking element. All our life, public and private, is powerfully influenced by the continual inflow of varied races We are in the midst of as hazardous an experiment as any nation ever tried. To fuse a score of race stocks, with a half-dozen colors of skin, speaking forty languages, and inheriting the most diverse social and religious traditions, into a single homogenous, democratic, and righteous nation, is a task beyond the strength of men. All home mission boards are addressing themselves to this problem. Their missionaries preach in thirty languages. A great section of their outlay is for this baffling and emergent task. All forms of organized home mission effort share the opportunity. In addition to the work of organizing and maintaining churches and mission schools, there is the indispensable task of aiding weak churches to secure houses of worship. In some denominations this is cared for by a department of the home mission board, in others by a special organization. But in every case the service rendered is of primary importance. The pioneer work done by mission Sunday-school boards is in like manner an essential link in the chain. These boards are lifting the burden. They ask the churches and all allied forces to join them in fresh study and effort.

Outline Of The Plan.

No uniform method of observance will be proposed. Each pastor and church committee will be asked to use the period to such extent and in such way as seems best for furthering the end in view. The Councils only ask that whatever is done be commensurate with the problem before us. The following suggestions are offered to help churches and local communities to unite in this nation-wide effort. (The announcement, "New Americans for a New America," to be issued about September 1, will give full details of these plans, and will announce the literature and other aids necessary to carry them out.) No church should attempt to follow all of these plans. But some basis should be found from these suggestions for a plan of observance adapted to local condition.

Service. The objective should be some concrete form of service rendered to immigrants by the Church as an organization and by individual Christians in their various relations. Such service may take the form of personal friendship and protection. Classes in English and civics may be promoted. Effort to improve industrial opportunities and living conditions for the foreigner may be undertaken. Sunday-schools may be provided, together with other forms of ministry to the child life of immigrant communities. Bibles in the languages of the foreigners, selected religious reading, and literature on American life, laws, and customs may be distributed. Essential, as the culmination of such preparatory work as is suggested above, is an effort of evangelism, which shall seek to arouse and enrich the religious life of the immigrant.

Many churches will find it possible to make careful inquiry as to the conditions—economic, moral, and religious—of the immigrant population at their doors. It is too be hoped that from their inquiry new effort will spring. Helps for such surveys will be provided.

Inspiration. To arouse interest in conditions and to stimulate the indifferent, a variety of inspirational methods are suggested. Some pastors will wish to preach sermons on the theme of the week on the two Sundays, November 16 and November 23. Prayer-meetings, young people's meetings, meetings for women, and meetings for children may be turned into this channel. A multiplicity of meetings is not desirable, but some of the above are practicable in every church. The culmination of the inspirational meetings may well be the Thanksgiving day service.

Education.—Some form of more intensive educational work should be adopted in preparation for Home Mission Week. A mission study campaign may enlist any or all of the following classes: adult men, adult women, young people, boys and girls. The mission study books issued by the Missionary Education Movement, and the Council of Women for Home Missions will be upon the theme in hand. Suitable text-books for various ages will be provided. The educational program of the women's societies and the children's and young people's organizations may be correlated with the rest of the church activities.

Last of all, it is earnestly suggested that the Week be regarded as

An Asset Not a Liability.

We are not seeking to lay a burden upon the generosity of the churches, but to aid them by proposing an orderly and effective method of facing one of their great responsibilities. We are confident that Home Mission Week, rightly used, will give vitality to the work of the months which follow. We believe that if it be vitally related to the program of parish work it will impart breadth and impulse to all that is done. Out of it should issue new purposes, definite plans, and fresh enlistments of service in the work of making our country God's country.

Relation To United Missionary Campaign.

Since the plans for Home Mission Week were formed, the home and foreign mission boards of all denominations have formed plans for united presentation of the mission cause to the churches forming their constituency during the coming fall and winter. These plans will not in any way interfere with the observance of Home Mission Week. Its observance simply becomes a part of the larger arrangement by which the entire strength of all missionary organization is put behind every appeal of whatever type. The officers of these organizations have great satisfaction in the consummation of their endeavors for closely united activity, and are confident that, with the blessing of God, it will result not only in an effective and economical presentation of the claims of world-wide missions, but will also reveal and promote that oneness of heart and effort among all Christian bodies so greatly longed for by all who seek to bring in the fulness of the kingdom of Christ.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Japanese.—The Japanese Congregational Church in this city observed the Lord's Supper last Sunday and received four persons to membership, three on confession of faith.

San Francisco, Ocean View.—The recent lectures by Dr. E. L. House were informing and inspiring. He leaves us stronger in every way. The pastor feels better able to do his work. We are all grateful to Dr. House for his helpful work.

San Francisco, Chinese.—The Chinese Congregational Church in San Francisco, at its commounion service last Sunday evening, welcomed six young men to membership, all being baptized. Since the beginning of the year twenty-six have been received, all but one on confession. The audiences, always good, are beginning, when the Lord's Supper is observed, and on other special occasions, to tax nearly to the utmost its chapel's capacity.

Glendale.—Sunday, June 29th, was the first anniversary of the dedication of the church. At the morning service Mr. Willesford, the pastor, gave the right hand of fellowship to twenty-two. Of those that united fourteen were by confession. The pastor baptized six. Two who united were in their eightieth year. The youngest was eleven. At five o'clock Rev. Wm. Horace Day, D.D., of Los Angeles First Church preached a strong and helpful sermon to a large audience. Splendid and appropriate music was rendered at both services. A few of the boys are attending the Boys' Brigade Camp at Avalon.

Paradise.—The Rev. and Mrs. L. W. Winslow have just finished four years of faithful service at Paradise and after spending a month in Berkeley will go East to New Buryport, Mass., to visit friends. The church has extended a unanimous call to Rev. Mr. Eckles of Loomis to become pastor. The church will be supplied July 13, by Rev. J. A. Benton; 20th byy Mrs. L. J. Phelps; 27th four laymen will speak on the value of the church in the community. The evening services will be conducted by the C. E. Society.

Alton and Loleta.—A successful entertainment was given in Alton, netting a goodly sum for church repairs. A unique feature of the program was singing by an Italian chorus. The Sunday-school and church services have been gradually on the upgrade for the past year. An increase in literature has been necessary, all of which comes from the Pilgrim Press. The oldest residents say that for church attendance, general interest and hearty co-operation, the community is seeing the best ta the present time that it has for years. Electric lights have been installed and with the building repaired, together with new spiritual life, Alton is seeing better days. At Loleta the fence around the property has been repaired and painted, giving it neat appearance. The Ladies' Aid Society, before taking a short vacation, closed their books with all bills paid and over one hundred dollars in the treasury.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. G. D. Yoakum of Park Church, Berkeley, has returned from a visit of several weeks in Kansas.

Next Monday, at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, there will be an address by Dr. Charles Merle d'Aubigne of Paris on "Modern Tendencies in National Life in France." It will be an open meeting.

Mrs. E. W. Brown of Wichita, Kansas, an ordained Congregational minister, has taken charge of Bethany Church, Berkeley. Professor and Mrs. Brown, who have for some years been connected with Fairmount College, Kansas, have come to California to reside.

RECOGNITION OF UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AT VENICE.

Pursuant to letters missive representatives of the Congregational churches of Los Angeles, Pasadena and a few nearby churches met at Venice on the afternoon of July 1. The ecclesiastical council was formed with Rev. William M. Brooks, D. D., as moderator; Rev. Geo. H. Wilson as vice-moderator, and Rev. E. H. Willisford, Ph.D., scribe. The council was called to examine the faith, polity and practice of the newly organized Venice Union Congregational church. A clear and concise account of the events which led to the organization of the church was presented.

After due consideration the council unanimously voted to recognize the new church and to extend to it the fellowship of the Congregational churches.

The public service of recognition was held in the evening. Appropriate music was furnished by the local church. Of special mention was the boys' vested choir. Prayer was offered by Rev. Harold V. Hartshorn; Rev. J. D. Pettigrew read the scriptures; the sermon was preached by Dr. Geo. F. Kenngott; Rev. Ralph B. Larkin gave the charge to the

church and the hand of fellowship was extended to Rev. J. H. Lash.

This church has a strong, vigorous Sunday school; a church membership of seventy-two. A lot has been purchased and a parsonage built. A site for the future church building will soon be secured.

Instead of the usual morning service of worship and sermon a Junior church service is held, which nearly all members of the Sunday school attend, as well as a number of people who are not in the Sunday school. Rev. Fenweick L. Holmes is the efficient pastor of this energetic and growing church.

RECOGNITION OF A NEW CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN LOS ANGELES.

On the afternoon of May 29th an ecclesiastical council convened with the Grace Congregational church of Los Angeles for the purpose of reviewing the proceedings which have led to the formation of the Grace church.

The council was constituted from pastors and delegates of the Congregational churches of Los Angeles and immediate vicinity. Rev. Geo. F. Kenngott, Ph.D., was chosen moderator and Rev. E. H. Willisford, Ph.D., was elected scribe.

The records presented and statements made showed that on account of differences some forty members of the local Presbyterian church had withdrawn and formed an independent Congregational church. Only after most careful and painstaking work on the part of Superintendents Ralph B. Larkin and Geo. F. Kenngott consulting with the new church and a committee from the Los Angeles Presbytery was the Grace church encouraged to call the council. The reports presented by the church were considered entirely satisfactory and the council voted unanimously to recognize the church and to extend to it the fellowship of the Congregational churches.

At the evening service the following program was carired out: Sermon, Rev. Morris H. Turk, Ph.D.; Charge to the church, Rev. Ralph B. Larkin; Right hand of fellowship, Rev. Geo. F. Kenngott, Ph.D.

The church has purchased a lot and erected a convenient and attractive chapel. The membership is fast increasing. A vigorous Sabbath school is conducted. This is a field of much promise. A pastor will soon be called. The church is nearly able to pay all current expenses.

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TO CHINA REDEEMED AND RECOGNIZED.

Gladdened by the news that our Government had recognized the Republic of China, our Chinese Christians in Santa Barbara "called their friends and neighbors together" to rejoice with them. The Mission Chapel was filled to its utmost capacity, and a program was rendered patriotic and literary and musical, and also physically refreshing. Among the original contributions was this poem written by an eminent teacher for many years in Western Iowa, now retired and devoting her time and strength as a volunteer worker for the salvation of Chinese, Miss Belle E. Smith. It seems to the writer of this note to be worthy of a world-wide reading:

From bonds and shackles late released,
O distant land across the sea;
Thou ancient kingdom of the East,
We stretch our welcoming hands to thee.
Long had thy patient millions borne
The foreign tyrants' heavy yoke,
At last the coming of the dawn,
And soon the glorious morning broke.
Honor to those who led the host,
Those stalwart patriots, brave, sincere,
Who waited not to count the cost,
Their very lives they held not dear.
Honor no less to those unknown,
To those unsung by tongue or pen;
Her debt the nation still must own
To all brave women and brave men.
Thou mighty nation! in the past
Great were thy gifts to every race.
Come forth from clouds and gloom at last,
And take once more an honored place.
Hoary with age, thine ancient wall
Is slowly crumbling to decay;
So one by one the barriers fall
That bar thee from the perfect day.

Lord God of Hosts, whose power divine
Led Israel to its heart's desire,
Give thou this nation, too, thy sign,
By day the cloud, by night the fire.
Soon may all sounds of tumult cease,
Soon may unfurl on every hand
The banners of the Prince of Peace;
So shall it reach its promised land.

HENRY F. CURRIER.

Mr. Henry F. Currier, late of La Jolla, San Diego, California, entered into rest on Sunday afternoon, June 29th. Although there have been benefactors among Congregational laymen on this coast whose gifts have been more munificent, there have been none who have scattered their donations more widely or who have given with more genuine zeal. It was Mr. Currier's way, whenever he entered a town or city of any size whatsoever, to seek out the most obscure and neediest church of the Pilgrim order, and after careful and shrewd inquiry, to quietly assist it in the most concrete and

practical method. His gifts, given unostentatiously and with intense earnestness, partook of many forms, and often were accompanied by the condition that the recipient church show its devotion to Congregationalism by contributing some extra sum itself. Laying supreme emphasis, as he always did, upon the spiritual life of the church, Mr. Currier was a tremendous believer in the value of an attractive and comfortable edifice, and took great pride in assisting weak organizations to make their church grounds and exterior commend themselves to the passer-by. He was fond of trees and flowers and well-kept lawns, and nothing pained him more than the sight of a Congregational church in the midst of bare and unkempt suroundings.

Clinging tenaciously to the old views in church doctrine and polity, he yet manifested the most honest desire to know the newer conclusions in faith and practice. And although he frankly and often vehemently differed with those who stood closest to him, atonement might always be made in his sight by those who held these heterodox and, to him, ominous views, by enthusiastic loyalty to the Congregational church, its history, present and future. And while this may have characterized him as sectarian, in the estimation of many, it never meant that the larger interests of the Kingdom of God were ignored or minimized by him. Only he preferred to do his work in the Congregational way, having confidence in its principles and joy in its successes.

Of late years his mind was much of the time under a cloud, and he suffered untold torture from mental depression. But to the last, in moments of lucidity and calm, his flaming love for the church of Jesus Christ on eartth still shone as in former days. He has emerged from the shadow, and now dwells in light serene.

SHELTON BISSELL.

The Home.

WHAT GRANDMOTHER WORE.

They are saying mean things to our faces
Of the trim little hats that we wear,
The close-fitting toques and the turbans
That keep all the dust from the hair.
But do they remember the bonnets,
The coal-scuttle bonnets of yore,
All loaded with feathers and flowers,
The bonnets our grandmothers wore?

The funny cartoonists are flaying
The short, narrow skirt of to-day,
Escaping the germs on the pavement
In wait to be carried away.
Just think of the flounces and scallops,
The gathers behind and before,
The yards that went sweeping the gutters,
In the dresses our grandmothers wore.

Their delicate shoulders uncovered,
And boards in the fronts of their stays,
Were some of the tortures that custom
Decreed in our grandmothers' days.
A waist that was squeezed like a lemon,
Pantalets coming down to the floor,
And hoops, were a few of the fashions
Our foolish young grandmothers wore.

Do you doubt that the world is progressing,
And scoff at our latter-day clothes?
Then go up to the trunks in the garret
Where garments discarded repose,
Put on all the finery faded,
The petticoats, too, by the score,
And walk if you can—in the bundles
Of dry-goods our grandmothers wore.

—Minna Irving, in "New York Times."

THE GIRL AND HER MOTHER.

The change in the conditions and attitude of women today, the result of their higher education and the general movement toward their independence, does not confine itself to the mature woman The American girl has always been considered a privileged creature, and the new state of things has by no means modified this opinion. She has not lost in beauty, but she has gained in health and vigor, which have enhanced her good looks. She has, perhaps, not lost in sweetness, but her sweetness has changed its type. One seldom sees a "clinging vine." The chrysanthemum and hollyhock styles are more predominant. She has certainly lost nothing in capability. Her better education has given variety and scope to that capability. She can do infinitely more kinds of things, and do very many of them better than before. Nevertheless, there are some things, which she has not yet lost but which she stands in danger of letting slip from her because of her very exuberance, of health, spirit and opportunity.

There is no lovelier relation in life than a real comradeship between a girl and her mother. In earlier days this meant the mother's leadership. The daughter was a kind of aid-decamp—efficient, capable, but acting under orders. Today the modern girl is her own stage manager and her mother has fallen back into the position of chaperon. It does not indicate weakness on the part of the girl—possibly it does on the part of the mother. It is sometimes said that an unselfish mother makes a selfish daughter, and vice versa. If that is true, how can it be arranged? Shall we have alternate generations of self-denying mothers and selfish daughters, and the reverse, or is there a compromise? Most things are settled by a yielding on each side, if they are settled permanently and rightly.

Mother Has "Claims to Consideration"

And, really, the mother has some claims to consideration. Nature has so organized the family that the child must have the care and guidance of the mother for those years when the child is weak and the mother is strong. Nature has also provided that as the mother's strength begins to wane, at the time when she grows tired of the burden of responsibility and detail, the daughter shall be full of enthusiasm and strength. She has come to her power, but that power has not been used and needs the guidance of experience. This is where the mother's wisdom fills out the lack on the daughter's part. Nature intended the one to be a complement of the other. The two belong together. A generation ago girls married when they were so young that the mother did not long have the assistance of each daughter, but there

were usually several daughters, so that one took the place of another. Now daughters are fewer and life is more complicated. Outside demands and claims are indefinitely multiplied. So the mother stands alone and tries to substitute for the old companionship her club and her "board" and her "settlement." The daughter, too, is absorbed, through her early years, in study, and at the time her mother was settled and babies were filling her arms and heart the girl of today is graduating and making her debut. Then comes her career. She must have as long a list of philanthropic duties as her mother in addition to her social affairs, and the hours and days are crowded full, and the time for her mating comes and she goes off in a blaze of glory.

In the meanwhile, what about the hungry mother heart and the weary mother arms? When does the mother get her return for the care and love and anxiety she has been expending upon her daughter through all these years?

True Spring of Life Is in the Heart.

There is a something which the girl owes to her mother, and which she gains, not loses, in giving. Strong bodies are good things, live intellects are admirable, but the true spring of life is in the human heart. The difference in age makes a beautiful fitting together of enthusiasm and experience of freshness and that weariness which has grown tired of taking the initiative and carrying burdens, but which has not so exhausted its vitality that it cannot renew itself and take fresh enjoyment in the romance which is enacted before its eyes and confided to its sympathy. Girl's cannot realize that their parts have been played before; that the old story is forever being enacted with new setting, but after all, it is the same drama of human life. It comes as a surprise that her quiet, sedate mother has done these same things, has had these same heart flutters, and is not yet through with the great romance of her own life, and perhaps finds nothing so interesting as living once more these sweet experiences.

This is one way Nature takes to safeguard inexperience and, perhaps, reward the mothers. No method has been discovered in all the progress of science which does so much for the right development of the daughter as intimacy and cooperation with her mother.

Duties Shared by Mother and Daughter.

The quiet going about and fulfilling the daily duties which belong to the keeping of a restful home, shared in common by mother and daughter, are the very best preparation for life that a girl can have. Home is a miniature world, and its exigencies and demands are a training school for a larger sphere. Unfortunately the many years in school, and the school days which are wholly filled with duties not domestic, unfit the girl for an easy settling into the home sphere. There is nearly always a period of great restlessness if not of rebellion in the first years after a girl has come out of school. The new movement in cities which has resulted in putting courses in domestic science into the public schools may be a help in restoring an interest in domestic work, but even if it does, there will still be a period when the regular hours and routine of school life and prolonged absence from home unfit a girl temporarily for the normal life of a woman. Just how this is to be met is a problem. The education and training are too valuable to be omitted, but the cost is serious. It is a problem to be worked out by mother and daughter, and the results will be more satisfactory to each if they are worked out together.

Things Most Talked Of Not The More Important.

One of the mistakes which are made frequently by women, young and old alike, is to think that the thing outside of the house, the affair which is talked of by a larger number of people, is the more important. Thoreau says in "Autumn": "Many people have a foolish way of talking about small things, and apologize for themselves or another as having attended to such, having neglected their ordinary business, and amused or instructed themselves by attending to small things, when if the truth were known, their ordinary business was the small thing, and almost their whole lives were misspent." This is especially true of the modern young woman. The detail of housekeeping seems too trivial to be worth while, and yet there has never been a time when such perfection of detail was exacted from the housekeeper, and when there was such opportunity for the display of art and skill or economic gifts. We have been told over and over, by sage and poet, that we cannot measure little and larger in human life, but still we go on measuring the value of our work or the attractiveness of life by the things we have, or the things we do.

There is no larger thing than the keeping of a peaceful, restful, helpful home. There is no more beautiful friendship than a comradeship between mother and daughter. And the mother should be the one who shall direct the channel in which that companionship expends itself. She has learned by that most thorough of all teachers, experiences, and by the ripeness which age itself brings. Moreover, the girl's life is before her. Later on she can pick and choose. Now she must follow and learn. And when the years have slipped by and her own locks are touched with silver, she will realize something of what she has meant to her mother and in part what her mother has meant to her.—Mrs Newell Dwight Hillis.

For The Children.

EMILY'S "BOSOM SIN"

Em'ly! Em'ly!" mother's voice rang from the kitchen door, but Emily was far away from the little brown farmhouse in spirit, though her outward and visible self was perched in the favorite crotch of her favorite tree, where all she had to do was to stretch out a hand, and the ripe, red, round cherries were in her mouth.

"Em'ly! Em-i-le-e!"

Emily closed "Little Women" with a sigh. "I wonder what mother wants?" she said. "Oh, I know—she wants me to carry the eggs to Mrs. Fellows. Oh, well, there's no hurry about that! Mrs. Fellows never cares if she don't get them early," and she settled herself anew with her book.

How long she read she could not say, but as she dried her eyes after Beth's death her glance fell upon Brother Fred driving Black Bess from the stable.

"Why, where's Fred going? What's he home from the field for this time of day? Fred! Fred!"

She sprang down from her perch and ran toward him. "Oh, Fred, what's the matter!" she cried as she saw his grave face.

Fred glanced at her as he buckled the harness onto Black

Bess. "Didn't I hear mother calling you half an hour ago? Better go see what she wants."

Emily's head dropped at the rebuke and she ran into the house, but stopped abruptly at the living room door. The room was in disorder, just as she had left it, she reflected with a twing of conscience; but that was not the sight which brought her heart into her mouth and held her spellbound on the threshold.

Mother stood before the table putting a miscellaneous collection of things into the big brown basket which was so painfully associated with mother's absences. She stood irresolute, an expression of keen anxiety on her face, her eyes on a garment in her hand, but her thoughts evidently on some other care, which she was pouring out to father. Emily stood still and listened shamelessly. Her eyes traveled from mother to father, sitting listless by the table.

"I declare, I don't see how I can go, pa. Em'ly so little an' know-nothing," said Mrs Bowen, "an' there's the ironing, an' the milk to take care of, an' the churning, an' the cooking, an' the chickens to feed, an' the mending, an' Em'ly's new dress—the poor child does need it—an,' oh, I don't know what all, an'——

"Now, mother, don't you worry a mite. We'll get along fine. Em'ly's a first-rate little cook, you know, an' Fred 'an I c'n make out to do the hard work. Will needs you worse'n we do, that's flat, an' you're goin'—an'——

Emily could contain herself no longer. "Is mother going away? What's the matter at Brother Will's? Why wasn't I told? Nobody ever tells me anything. Is father going?"

"You weren't told, baby, because you didn't come when mother called you," explained Mr. Bowen. "Sister Lou is sick an' needs mother the worst kind. You an' me are to keep house. Mother says we can't do it, but we'll show 'er, don't we?"

"Yes—but, oh, mother, are you going right now?" she cried, as Fred appeared at the door with a cheery "Come along, mother, no time to lose."

Mrs. Bowen tied on her bonnet, kissed Emily hurriedly and followed Fred to the buggy, leaving a stream of directions behind her.

"Just leave the ironing till you can get Mandy to help you. But you c'n get along, an' Fred'll do the churning—an'——"until only the beat of Black Bess's flying hoofs was borne, more and more faintly, to the two, standing forlorn in the kitchen door.

They turned and looked at each other. It was the first time mother had left them for a long time, and each felt the responsibility, though in different ways and degrees. Mr. Bowen broke the silence.

"Well, baby, I must get back to the field. Can you get dinner alone, think? If you can't, blow the horn early an' I'll come in an' help."

Emily drew herself up in all the dignity of her fourteen years. "Of course I can get dinner alone, father! I'll get you a good one, you'll see!" she said proudly, while father smiled, a little skeptically, a little sadly. He was well acquainted with Emily.

It was a lovely morning, and Emily, dropping down on the top step, drank in its beauty, her chin in the cup of her hands. And thus Fred found her on his return. But something in the huddled little figure made him go to it and take it into his arms. "Mother-sick, poor little thing," he thought.

She buried her face on his shoulder and sobbed aloud. "Oh, Fred, isn't it horrid! Here vacation's just begun and I had so many such lovely plans, and now Lou has to get sick and I've got to work and not enjoy one bit of vacation. If father loved me he'd get Mandy to come. There never was a girl had as much trouble as I."

"No, I, s'pose not," said Fred as he put her down decidedly. "But you needn't complain of the work. You don't seem to be doing it." He walked rapidly away, but came back to ask curiously, "Aren't you one bit sorry about Lou, except as it concerns you?"

"You're not nice to me and I shan't answer any questions."

"Well," said Fred, "you'd better be up and doing; it's late. What a pig she is!" he thought, as he joined his father. "But we've all spoiled her."

Emily glanced at the clock. Ten o'clock. Now, let's see! What shall I get for dinner? I'll get—I'll get—oh, I know, I'll make potato puffs; they sound so good. And hot biscuits, and—what kind of meat shall I have? Ham and eggs? It's sort o'warm for ham, but father likes it. Oh, yes, and coffee and lettuce. None of these take very long—I'll have time to read some more."

But "Little Women" is interesting, and time flies, and presently the clock struck eleven. Emily sprang up.

"Oh," she cried, "father'll expect to be called in half an hour, and dinner not even begun, nor the room cleaned up, nor anything! Whatever shall I do? Oh, dear! Oh, dear, why do I put off things so? I wonder—I wonder—if Fred was right? I don't seem to be doing it.' "

She had gone into the kitchen. "I'll not have time to make potato puffs. I'll have to fry 'em—and brother hates 'em. Well, he can eat biscuits." She pared potatoes with a lavish hand and carried them over to the stove. There was no fire; she had forgotten it. It was a quarter past 11. Emily fell into a chair and burst into tears, but fiercely dried them.

"This won't do! But I did mean to have such a good dinner for them, and to be on time."

She poked the fire vigorously, and flew from molding board to table, from table to stove, to such good purpose that when father and Fred came in dinner, though not ready, was well under way.

Fred smiled. "Why, father, at this rate dinner won't be more than an hour late."

The ever-ready tears sprang to Emily's eyes. "Father, I'm sorry. I wanted to have such a nice dinner and prove to you and mother that I'm not so no 'count as you think. But I've failed again. And I know why, now. Fred helped me see it. All my 'troubles' are because I let my 'bosom sin' run away with me. It is 'procrastination.' Everything's spoiled, and I forgot the coffee!" She flung herself into his arms. "But, oh, father, if you'll try me again, I will be the best kind of a housekeeper—only try me again. And don't laugh—and don't look so serious, and——"but her sobs choked her speech.

Fred started to speak, but Mr. Bowen shook his head at him and whispered, "There, there, baby, we all get tangled up in our work sometimes. You'll come out all right, never fear."

Emily had been sorry so many times before for the troubles her fault had brought upon her that she was soon cheerful again. But she did try, and although, of course, she did not improve very fast, and forgot many times, she had learned her lesson, and when mother came home reporting Sister Lou almost well, Emily was "almost well," too.—Ruth Hall Johnston.

PITCH IN.

"Now I couldn't possibly do the things you do," one young woman was saying to another, who happened just then to be managing a large fair. "You just plunge ahead and manage or talk or sing or do whatever needs to be done and everybody is pleased. But I was not made for leadership. My place is in the background."

The competent young woman looked anything without feeling terribly self-conscious and trembling all over and thinking everybody's eyes are upon me. And after I've done anything I always think it has been a terrible failure, unless someone takes pity on me and tells me it has not."

"But I always thought," answered the friend after a moment of silent astonishment, "that you did things so easily."

"I guess everybody thinks that of everybody else," answered the competent woman, out of the wisdom of her wide experience.

If we could enter deep into the counsels of leaders we should nearly always find this same thing to be true. They are not men born without their share of sensitiveness. They are merely men who are brave enough to put self behind them and go ahead in spite of their feelings, and so things are done in the world which otherwise would lie till doomsday untouched. Everybody thinks everybody else can do things easily. Half the wrongs in the world could be righted if the people who are able, but hold back, would only pitch in.—Exchange.

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